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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVI. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 6, 1900. NUMBER 14

HENRY VAN DYKE'S RULES.

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—Condensed from Preface to "Counsel upon Reading of Books."
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UNITY

VOLUME XLVI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1900. NUMBER 14

But books, old friends that are always new,
Of all good things that we know are best;
They never forsake us, as others do,
And never disturb our inward rest.
Here is truth in a world of lies,
And all that in man is great or wise!
Better than men and women, friend,
That are dust, though dear in our joy and pain,
Are the books that cunning hands have penned,
For they depart, but the books remain.

—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

The Fleming H. Revell Publishing House of Chicago has brought out an ornamental edition of the Book of Psalms, which is made unique by the remarkable introduction by Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn. Mr. Hillis forgets for the time being that scholarship is very sure that King David wrote scarcely one of these Psalms. It is known that it is a compilation that grew through the later centuries of Jewish history. Still, in this introduction, David is compared to Burns, and is called "a bard like Dante," "the universal poet," "one of earth's wisest teachers," and so on. The successor of Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott needs to change his publisher or something else that will raise his standard. He knows better than this and he can do better than this, and he ought to.

Morris Rosenfeld, the poet of the sweatshop, the laureate of the modern ghetto, is in Chicago at present. Mr. Rosenfeld has just returned from a visit to London, where he was promptly recognized as a true poet. This man, coming from obscurest origin, having known the bitterness of the sweatshop in all its degrees of heaviness, has proven his vocation as a singer. This far he has chiefly written in Yiddish, the jargon of the Russian Jew, but he has already done some clever things with the English language. To hear him recite in the language which is a composite of German, Hebrew and Russian; to catch the flashing eye and to note the missionary accents of a voice clear and penetrating, is to realize that genius knows no limitations, that it will break through all bars. Mr. Rosenfeld is to give some readings in this city and we bespeak for him a sympathetic and a large hearing.

We hear a great deal about the disgrace of hauling down the American flag; we do not hear anything at all about the shame of lowering the American standard of character. Yet we may honorably do the former; never the latter. Who is the traitor—the man who destroys bunting, or the man who destroys political and social principles? To lower the standard of American thought, of American purpose, of American rightness, that is the shame. Therefore we say raise the standard a notch higher. Let us teach young men that to surrender to the devil of selfishness is infinitely worse than to lay down arms to an enemy. The golden rule is eternal. The American Union could not exist but for the Constitution; the Constitution could never have existed but for the declaration that all men are created free and equal. Commercial success is not the goal of the Republic; but honor and righteousness before God and the nation. Luxury, intemperance, greed, must go down before the standard of love, temperance and purity. Young men of America, can you aim high enough to bring this about during the twentieth century?

Apart from the liberal movement in education in Germany, nothing is of more interest and moment than the transformation of the old London examination-holding, non-teaching, degree-granting University into an institution very similar to Oxford and Cambridge. This university was founded in the early part of the century, and it was found to give less and less satisfaction as educational thought and work opened more broadly. For the last twenty years it has kept up a sharp battle with reform. About ten years ago a Parliamentary commission was appointed to look into the question of reconstruction. This called forth a very strong and a very general opinion in favor of a radical change. The points particularly objected to were the extensive use of examinations, at a time when the convictions of the ablest educators are for the restriction and close limitation of this school function; the granting of degrees in competition with teaching universities; and the absolute absence of the essential elements of a real university. The struggle was sharp, and the victory was decided for reform. Under its new charter, London University will include twenty-four institutions, integrally united and corelated. Among these are University and King's colleges, five Non-Conformist colleges, a Church of England college, Royal Holloway College, Bedford College for Women, the Royal College of Science, ten metropolitan medical schools, the Central Technical College, the London School of Economy and Political Science. Other institutions may be admitted to the university hereafter. On the teaching staff are already five hundred persons, resident through a radius of thirty miles. The old relation to non-resident pupils will not be at once entirely broken up; yet in the fullest sense of the word London University takes position as a teaching institution. The new Senate or Regency consists of one-third representative of the corelated institutions, one-third representatives of the teaching body, and one-third representatives of the graduates. The teachers are arranged in eight faculties—those of theology, art, law, music, medicine, science, engineering, and economics with political science. There are also three councils: one of teachers to advise concerning the curriculum; one of external students to advise of extraneous matters; and one to promote university extension. This subject is of especial importance in

America, because, alongside our state systems of education, there has so rapidly grown up a great system of municipal universities. These with their enormous endowments are solving some of the problems that our state universities have found most difficult. But we have as Americans yet to find out what this new evolution means; how it is to fit in with out state system, and whether there will be possible any corelation.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Born at Burley in Wharfedale, England, 1858. The latter part of his childhood and early manhood were spent near Liverpool. In 1875 some of his poems appeared in the *Argus*, a Liverpool periodical. In 1885 he contributed to the *National Review* the Sonnet Sequence "Ver Tenebrosum." His poems on Tennyson, Shelley and Wordsworth brought him into high repute.

The Soudanese.

They wrong'd not us, nor sought 'gainst us to wage
  The bitter battle. On their God they cried
  For succor, deeming justice to abide
  In heaven, if banish'd from earth's vicinage.
And when they rose with a gall'd lion's rage
We on the captor's, keeper's, tamer's side,
We, with the alien tyranny allied,
We bade them back to their Egyptian cage.
  Scarce knew they who we were! A wind of blight
From the mysterious far northwest we came.
  Our greatness now their veriest babes have learn'd,
Where, in wild desert homes, by day, by night,
  Thousands that weep their warriors unreturn'd,
O England! O my country! curse thy name!

Restored Allegiance.

Dark is thy trespass, deep be thy remorse,
  O England! Fittingly thine own feet bleed,
  Submissive to the purblind guides that lead
Thy weary steps along this rugged course.
Yet . . . when I glance abroad, and track the source
  More selfish far, of other nations' deed,
  And mark their tortuous craft, their jealous greed,
Their serpent-wisdom or mere soulless force,
  Homeward returns my vagrant fealty,
  Crying: "O England! shouldst thou one day fall,
    Shatter'd in ruins by some Titan foe,
Justice were thenceforth weaker throughout all
  The world, and Truth less passionately free,
    And God the poorer for thine overthrow."

Gordon.

Arab, Egyptian, English—by the sword
  Cloven, or pierced with spears, or bullet-mown—
  In equal faith they sleep; their dust is grown
A portion of the fiery sands abhorred.
And thou, what hast thou, hero, for reward—
  Thou, England's glory and her shame? O'erthrown
  Thou liest, unburied, or with grave unknown
As his to whom on Nebo's height the Lord
    Showed all the land of Gilead, unto Dan;
Judah sea-fringed; Manasseh and Ephraim;
  And Jericho palmy, to where Zoar lay;
And in a valley of Moab buried him,
    Over against Beth-Peor, but no man
  Knows of his sepulcher unto this day.

Nightmare.

In a false dream I saw the Foe prevail.
  The war was ended; the last smoke had rolled
  Away: and we, erewhile the strong and bold,
Stood broken, humbled, withered, weak and pale,
And moan'd, "Our greatness is become a tale
  To tell our children's babes when we are old.
  They shall put by their playthings to be told
How England once, before the years of bale,
Throned above trembling, puissant, grandiose, calm,
Held Asia's richest jewel in her palm;
  And with unnumbered isle barbaric, she
The broad hem of her glistening robe impearl'd;
Then, when she wound her arms about the world,
  And had for vassal the obsequious sea."

—*Sonnets from Ver Tenebrosum.*

The Annual Clearance of the Editorial Study Table.

It is not our purpose in this review of the books that have found their way to the table of the Senior Editor during the year, to offer any extended review or to presume on any law of selection save the working of those subtle forces that express inadequately the personality, the opportunity, the administration or the lack of administration of every writer of books and worker with and through books.

Unity makes modest claims as a literary journal. Literature, like everything else, has its organs. Happily for this country, this field is nobly occupied by such publications as *The Dial, The Literary World, The Critic, The Bookman,* and other less conspicuous and diligent interpreters of current literature. But we are not unmindful that Unity reaches many homes, where good books are sought and where much reading is done, that are beyond the reach of these journals, and it has been our aim, as far as lies in our power, to aid in the selection of better books and to stimulate the reading of the same, and when other returns fail we fall back on the comforting assurance that comes to us in many ways that during the twenty-two years of Unity's life it has been given it to help many in this direction, thanks to the generous and careful work of our editorial reviewers,—John W. Chadwick, E. P Powell, Frederick Starr, Oscar L. Triggs, F. A. Christie, G. R. Pike, John Faville, Wayne P. Smith and others, and the generosity of the leading publishers in whose friendship, confidence and co-operation Unity has always found strength. The Study Table, if no other part of this paper, has, we believe, justified its continuance. It is at least a comfort to the workers, who have gratuitously rendered this service, to think so.

As our readers know, many, perhaps most, of the valuable books of the year have found their way to the table of the above associates and have already received such notice as space and time would permit in these columns.

We have planned that this Book Number shall reach our readers before much of their Christmas shopping is done, hoping that it will be a timely reminder that there is no present more presentable than a good book. It is indeed that love token that blesses both the giver and the receiver. There is an aroma of personality about a gift-book that abides longer than the smell of musk.

Emerson thought that much of the world's best literature was found on his own comparatively limited shelves. So we think that the best output of the world's literature is not inadequately represented by the two hundred or more books that we have just been handling, classifying and arranging around the sanctum preparatory to the writing of these notes. The estimates herein are at least based on first hand examination and set forth gratefully the echoes of pleasures already enjoyed and the promise of pleasure that will come from further personal perusal of the books that will now pass from the study table and its extensions to their permanent place on the library shelves, whereon alone our earthly treasures lie.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Fortunately or unfortunately the selection of school books lies not within the range of parents, much less of editors, but inasmuch as UNITY some years ago strongly resented the encroachment of the trusts into the sacred realms of education, we are glad of the evidence at hand that in this field at least mercenary combinations have failed to control the output of text books. When the American Book Company sprang into being, not in accordance to the law of the survival of the best, judged from a pedagogical standpoint, but according to the law of capitalistic intrigue and combination, it seemed to us a menace to education and in so far as it or any other company still holds its supremacy by money influences, except when the money is used towards producing a superior article, it is to be deplored. But it is now quite evident that the American Book Company is only one of many competitors. The money maker has had to consult with the dealers in brains, and literary, artistic and scholastic achievements are now elements that must enter into every combination that would put forth text books for schools; perhaps the more of such combinations, the better.

"LIGHTS TO LITERATURE" (Rand, McNally & Company), a series of six books which we hold in our hand, is charming evidence of the statement just made. We do not know whether it is the best series of readers extant or not, but we are sure that it is a delightful series of reading books. The only irritating thing about it is the rather pompous title. It is good enough to rejoice in the old, more descriptive and more honest title of "Reading Books." But the beautiful print, the serviceable and altogether sensible binding, the admirable illustrations, many of them colored in Book One, the comparatively small size and the high grade of selection in the higher numbers, all combine to make a delightful set of books which it is hard for the lover of books to lay down. Here we find an astonishing number of our old friends, and reluctantly make room for new ones. It is something of a shock to the mind whose literary tastes are grounded on the Sanders' and the McGuffey's Readers of long ago, to find Whitcomb Riley, Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain and Bret Harte finding a place with William Cullen Bryant, John G. Saxe and their kin. No matter what books are used in the schools "to teach English"—if that is the proper phrase—the father and mother who keep these six books at home, going through them with the child, letting the child do the reading rather than doing the reading for the child, will not only have laid the foundation but have carried the superstructure at least above the lower story. They will occasionally find a slip, as when, on page No. 8 of Book VI, they will find Browning's "Men and Women" spoken of as "one of his longer poetic efforts," alongside of "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon" and "Pippa Passes."

"HOME AND SCHOOL CLASSICS" (D. C. Heath & Company). This is the name of a series issued fortnightly. A dozen or more of them we have in our hand. The title is justified by the most rigid selection, the most skilful editing, satisfactory printing and strong paper binding. Mrs. Ewing's "Jackanapes" and "The Story of a Short Life", "Goldsmith's "Goody Two Shoes", "The Nursery Rhymes", "Eyes and No Eyes," reaching up through Gulliver's Travels and the Shakespearean Dramas, are included in this attractive series. Any of them for a dime. Let Santa Claus economize on the doll's dresses and the tin horns in order that his pack may be well supplied with these and such as these.

"AN ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES" by *Allen C. Thomas* (D. C. Heath & Company). We do not know whether this is the best of the text books. School boards would not consult us if we did, but we are sure that this is a most admirable book to put in the way of children, and if an appreciative reading is secured at home we do not think it very important that it should be studied at school. Pictures, personalities, well selected incidents will start the child well in United States history and he will probably remember it longer if he does not have to "get a lesson" out of this book and never has to recite what he gets.

"GREEK HISTORY," by *Professor Heinrich Swoboda* (Aldine House, London). This is the way they do it in England. One of the Temple Cyclopaedia Primers. Severe condensation, admirable classification, heads, sub-heads, etc., less regard for the eyes, the whole series designed to give the smallest space words on lasting subjects. They probably will not get into the hands of many American children, but they should be in the hands of American school teachers, and the thirty or more already announced would make a valuable reference library of itself in any school. Macmillan is the American agent.

"SELECTIONS FROM PLATO, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES," by *Louis Leaming Forman*, Ph. D. (Macmillan, London). Another English text book, so attractive that one can almost revive the Greek which he has been neglecting for thirty years.

SINGING BOOKS. "Jubilate Deo" (George H. Ellis), has already been noticed in these columns by Mr. Hosmer, the maker of hymns and the compiler of hymn books. We mention it here for the sake of saying that churches, Sunday-schools and religious unions ought not to represent, as they do, the chief market for such books. Home where children are, summer schools, and the student away from home, need such a book as this. "Breaths of God" (Edward Ellis Carr, Danville, Illinois). A much humbler little collection of about forty pages, which contains a few of the indispensable old tunes and songs, and a very few applicants to a place in the list on the part of newer ones, by Mr. Carr himself, Mr. Gannett's "I Hear It Often In the Dark" and D. A. Wasson's great hymn "The Winds That O'er My Ocean Run". We suspect the limited number of pieces in this collection is a great element of strength. The trained musician is satisfied with a few, if they are the best; and the untrained is confined to the few. He can only sing those songs he sings often and has sung long. This book should be wherever there is a piano or cabinet organ in the home.

BOOKS ABOUT BOOKS.

These are the school books for grown up people, and the need of them is a growing one. In the multiplicity of books the wise reader will more and more let the expert and the professional man go ahead and blaze the way. Let those who make it their business to deal with books do the preliminary testing. A book that fails to receive the commendation of any great number of those whose judgment we have learned to trust, whose independence is unquestionable and who have more time and skill than we have, is scarcely worth wasting time upon.

"A BOOK FOR ALL READERS," *A. R. Spoffard* (Putnam). Emerson long ago called for "a professor of books". The time has gone by when the librarian was simply a skillful bookkeeper, an expert preserver of books from public depredations. One of these experts whose life has been spent among books is Mr. Spoffard, so long in the service of the Congressional Library. His book contains just the

kind of information that will satisfy the book lover and make more book lovers, direct the tastes that will ripen into a passion for public and private libraries.

"COUNSEL UPON THE READING OF BOOKS" (Houghton, Mifflin), is a book of the same kind with a narrower range, edited by Henry Van Dyke, who furnishes the prefatory chapter on "Reading and on Books". H. Moore Stephens tells of "Books of History"; Agnes Repplier, "Memoirs and Biographies"; President Hadley of Yale, "Sociology, Economics and Politics"; Brander Mathews, "Fiction"; Bliss Perry, "Poetry"; Hamilton W. Mabie, "Essays and Criticism". These papers were made with a specific audience in view, and the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, that first secured them for delivery in Philadelphia, has wisely remembered the wider constituency that needs such help as these essays offer.

"A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE," *W. C. Bronson, of* Brown University (D. C. Heath & Company), is a timely book, an admirable preface and companion to Stedman's "American Anthology". There is much in this little book that cannot readily be found elsewhere because Professor Bronson has access to sources out of reach of even the average scholar. This book in connection with Stedman's book will establish the fact that there is an American literature worthy of study.

"A NEW STUDY OF THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE" (Putnam). It would seem as though Shakespeare's sonnets have been worked for all they are worth long ago, but so long as they continue to stimulate creative minds they are inexhaustible, and whatever Park Godwin discovers in these sonnets is worth heeding. The creative part of Mr. Godwin is found in the attempt to fit the sonnets into the biography, in other words, to rearrange the order. The Shakespearean library is never closed.

"BROWNING STUDY PROGRAMMES" (Crowell). What was said of Shakespeare in a smaller way is true of Browning. Still the Browning "helps" increase. The Porter-Clarke "helps" form the sequel to their admirable Camberwell edition and are issued uniform with that edition in two small volumes or one larger one. All the Browning work of these ladies is admirable. They have done much, but here, as it seems to us, they have done a little too much. The classifications and various cross references are very necessary. But they have done too much thinking aloud among these programmes. They have underestimated the resources of the reader and oftentimes robbed him of the delight of discovery and sometimes intruded petty considerations and small side questions. Still, the better the Browning student the greater the appreciation of this book.

BOOKS OF SELECTIONS.

The compiler is always in evidence, and no wonder. The joys of selection are so great and the profit to the one making the selection is so palpable that the poor book is amply justified though it be still-born, as is apt to be the case. We know of nothing this year so broadly conceived, so carefully selected, so modern in spirit, as *John Monroe Dana's* "Wider View" (Putnam), of last year. It still deserves the thought of the book buyer at Christmas time. But certainly the "Nuggets Series" (Ford, Howard Hulbert), command attention and deserve our respect. The patriotic collection bears Washington's face on the title page, and gleans from Franklin, Jefferson, Webster, Lincoln and Beecher in addition to "the Father of his Country". The philosophic collection carries the beautifully sad face of Carlyle, Amiel, Ruskin and Kingsley are his companions. "Educational Nuggets" carries the classic bust of Plato and the selections come from this master and Aristotle, Rosseau, Herbert Spencer, Harris, Butler and Eliot. There are "Quaint Nuggets" from the witty Fuller, Joseph Hall, Seldon, George Herbert and Izaak Walton. And perhaps the most needed little book of the series is the "Don't Worry Nuggets", where Epictetus, Emerson, George Eliot and Robert Browning offer grateful prescriptions to those afflicted with "nerves". If what you want is wisdom done up in pellets, delightful to the taste and very nourishing, you will go far before you find as much for your forty cents as you will find in any one of these books mentioned.

DAILY STRENGTH BOOKS.

Books of devotion, meditation and of the inner life, books that appeal to the permanent in the human heart and that help us through the day's struggle, are always in order. Such a book is "THE STRENGTH OF BEING CLEAN," *David Starr Jordan* (L. C. Page & Company), a Red Cross address, which has already been commended in these columns. Such are the little books in the series always growing under the hand of James H. West, entitled "Life Studies". So also is the admirable series "What is Worth While" (Crowell), which contains Charles F. Dole's "Problem of Duty", Amory H. Bradford's "Spiritual Lessons from Browning", President Hyde's "The Art of Optimism", Caroline Hazard's (President of Wellesley College) "Some Ideas of the Education of Women", and W. J. Coville's "Fate Mastered, Destiny Fulfilled".

"THE RELIGION OF A GENTLEMAN" (Crowell). This, the last of Mr. Dole's larger books, is worthy its predecessors, "The Coming People" and "The Theology of Civilization". It is one more classic of the spirit. All his books are noble, beautiful in diction, high in thought, free in spirit. In this book the radicalism of Theodore Parker is blended with the devoutness of Channing and much of the spiritual insight of Emerson. Read Charles F. Dole whenever you can.

"L. ANNEUS SENECA" (Putnam). This new translation of "Tranquility of Mind and Providence" from the pagan sage, by Professor Langsdorf, of Miami University, will come to thousands, we hope, with the freshness of a new book. Its message is as timely now as when it was written. Pliny pronounced the author "a fit tutor for a prince." That he is yet.

"RELIGION IN LITERATURE AND RELIGION IN LIFE" (Phillip Green, London). This little book of two lectures by *Stopford Brooke* comes from over the sea. It is worthy a place in this connection. It belongs with such books as Dole's and Jordan's, wherein culture makes common cause with morals, and science and art are made to serve character.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT," *David Lubin* (Putnam). This book has already been noticed in these columns. The writer coming from Orthodox Jewish stock has undertaken to work out the religious forces conserved by this people for forty centuries into its concomitant outcome, a religion of light and life for today.

"SERIES OF MEDITATIONS," *Erastus C. Gaffield* (Order White Rose). The character of this book is indicated by its publisher and the editor, J. C. F. Grumbine. It seeks the heights along the road of oriental mysticism as interpreted by western occultism. It makes much of "spiritual vibrations, harmonies", etc. The present writer is not an initiate. It is not for him to understand the methods, but

the end. Self-control and character are the same to us all.

"MEDITATIONS OF THE HEART, A BOOK OF PRIVATE DEVOTION FOR OLD AND YOUNG" (Putnam), collected and arranged by *Annie Josephine Levi,* with an introduction by Dr. Gottheil. We reserve this book to the last of the list, as it is in many ways the most original. Miss Levi herself, a devout soul, has listened to the modern men and women at their devotions and has caught many of their accents. The result is oftentimes very beautiful in detail and the general effect is impressive. Certainly this book, ranging from the Catholic church to the Agnostic, shows how much allied are all people when they kneel in worship. This book is a modest contribution to the liturgy of the future, a reassurance to the devout, and an invitation to the most rational and free to join in a prayer that is adoration, not begging; the aspiration of the free soul, not the sacrifice of the enslaved. Miss Levi's work deserves our gratitude.

BIOGRAPHY.

UNITY readers will be specially interested in at least four notable studies in biography published during the year, biographies that have come to stay: The Lives of Parkman and Huxley, which we have not seen, and the Lives of Theodore Parker (Houghton Mifflin) and James Martineau (Little, Brown), which we have already commended to the attention of our readers. The Putnams have added "Oliver Cromwell", "Daniel O'Connell" and "Richelieu" to their "Heroes of the Nation" series, and perhaps others, but these lie temptingly before us, inviting commendation. From the same house, not in the same series, comes Walter Raleigh's "Study of Milton", and a very interesting study into Puritan history under the title of "Roger Ludlow, the Colonial Law Maker". We must never get away from our Puritan inheritance. Of him it has been said, "He gave to Connecticut a body of laws and the first written constitution which under God acknowledged no power superior to the supreme power of the commonwealth". Long may his memory be green.

"CHARLES SUMNER" (Houghton, Mifflin). In this addition to the series of "American Statesmen", we have a book not only of great interest but of immense immediate significance. It is the story of the independent in politics, *par excellence,* the man who saw the dangers in a standing army, who saved the administration under General Grant from the temptations of colonization which proved too much for the administration of McKinley. The thirty years succeeding the successful protest of Charles Sumner show how groundless was the cry "If we do not annex San Domingo, some other power will". Charles Sumner will long continue a saving element in American history, a sane power in politics.

"JOHN RUSKIN," *M. A. Spielmann* (Lippincott). This is an interesting introduction to the study of Ruskin, whose day is yet to come.

"TOLSTOY, A MAN OF PEACE," *Dr. Alice Stockham* (Chicago) has given us an interesting little book which contains an account of a personal visit to this man whom Ruskin said, "more than any other man was carrying on his spirit".

"BEACON BIOGRAPHIES" (Small, Maynard). "Stephen Decatur", "Frederick Douglass", "John Brown" are among the titles in this admirable series of "Little Life Stories", short meter, graphic pictures of the men.

"MABIE'S WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE" (Macmillan) receives the attention it deserves at the hand of Mr. Chadwick. We cannot refrain from mentioning it in this connection, just for the delight of handling it once more, the most sumptuous piece of biographical work that has reached our hand this year. It is probably safe to say that the publishers did their handsomest in this, and it is very handsome. And there was a place for a popular study by a careful man of this perennial subject.

SCIENCE.

Only the specialists can note the contributions of the year to the literature of the sciences. To a layman outside the field of experts there stands out no special work during the year, no striking triumph either of the laboratory or of the machine shop. But the books before us are encouraging reminders of the undertone of sanity that has run through the year and is slowly but surely making common cause with the forces of religion and is eventually to redeem our time.

SETON THOMPSON'S "WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN" (Scribner's), John Burroughs' "Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers" (Houghton, Mifflin), and Joaquin Miller's book on "Bears," which we have not seen, are almost epoch marking books in the study of nature. Great light is thrown on the psychology of human nature by the discovery of the humanity in wolf, fox, squirrel and bear.

"THE BOOK OF SAINTS AND FRIENDLY BEASTS" (Houghton, Mifflin), though a delightful book of church legends which include the story of St. Bridget and her white wolf, St. Prisca, the sweet child martyr which the lion refused to eat; St. Giles, who took into his own arm the arrow meant for the deer, is almost given a place in this list of "Books of Science" by the revealments of the above authors.

BOOK OF SAINTS AND FRIENDLY BEASTS.

SAINT BRIDGET AND THE KING'S WOLF.

"The Library of Useful Stories" (Appleton). This admirable series of little handbooks, the most successful and delightful popularization of the knowledge attained "at a great price," has reached twenty or more volumes, four or more of them during the last year, among which are "The Story of the Mind," "The Story of the Atmosphere," "The Story of the Eclipses" and "The Story of the Alphabet." These are books not to be overlooked at Christmas time, where there are growing boys and girls in the house. Cheap, attractive, tempting.

"The Amateur's Practical Garden Book" (Macmillan). This sole number of the "Garden Craft Series" which has reached our table we mention as a sign of the times. The same house has a "Rural Science Series." In so far as the spirit and methods of science permeate the country and take possession of the farms, so far will the tide of good blood now flowing towards the city—much of it to its disappointment and degradation—be stayed and the farm will be retained as the hope of the country, because the home of intelligence and integrity.

"Commerce and Christianity" (Swan Sonnenschein, London), the only book that is left on our table to represent the newest, the noblest and at the present time the most commanding of the sciences, sociology. Here is an attempt to apply religious principles to commercial affairs, a book though written for England, has an imperative message to the preachers of America. "Why are the churches so dead alive?" "The true work of the churches and why they are not doing it," "The simple life," "The coming deluge of wealth," "Distribution the problem of the future," these are some of the titles of the chapters in this virile book of an unknown author.

"Nature's Miracles" (Fords, Howard & Hulbert). This series of books inaugurated this year by Dr. Elisha Gray, "the wizard of the telephone," is of like intent with the preceding series, but less ambitious in scope. There are "Familiar Talks on Science" by one who knows enough to be simple but yet reliable. Three books are out, one on "World Building and Life," one on "Energy and Vibration" and one on "Electricity and Magnetism." The personal story of the author, reaching from the farmer's boy through the blacksmith shop, the ship yard and the college to the triumphs of the inventor, is the finest proof of the vitality of the subject matter handled in these books, the gospel element in science.

"Bird Notes Afield," *C. A. Keeler* (San Francisco), is a poet's observation of birds. Though the observer lived in California the text is delightful reading anywhere. There may be more accurate and satisfactory books for the student, but this book deserves a place on the literary shelf.

"The North American Forests and Forestry," *Ernest Bruncken* (Putnam). This line under the author's name, "Secretary of the late Wisconsin State Forestry Commission," is a sad line. Such commissions ought not to die. It is a belated interest we are taking in trees. The commercial sense has been too short sighted and greedy to protect its own interests, and the artist, the philanthropist, the lover of nature and of man must step in to protect the business man from his own foolishness. Bruncken's book has a place on the preacher's table, and the preacher who allows his study of this book to overflow into the pulpit will find his hearers waking up.

"The Tears of the Heliades" (Putnam). An interesting study in amber, a charming out of the way nook in science.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

Printing is slowly but surely winning its way back to that high artistic level which marked it at its birth. Of all the arts it seems to be the only one that was full born.

"The Sermon on the Mount" (Green Pine Tree Print Shop). This illuminated copy of the greatest of classics comes to us from the Philosopher Press, Wausau, Wisconsin, as evidence that art is its own inspiration and that there are those who prefer to live for beauty rather than for money.

"A Little Tour in France," *Henry James* (Houghton, Mifflin). The illustrations, by Joseph Pennell, are from nature and from life. The text is delightful and deserves the illustrations furnished. The publishers offer it in two forms—one with illustrations for the table, the other without, for the library shelf alongside of Mr. James' other work.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE.

OLD STREET, DIJON.

"Along French Byways," a*Clifton Johnson* (Macmillan). A book that invites comparison with the work just mentioned. The artist has a freer hand in the latter book and he is his own interpreter. On that account the book has a charm all its own and has a place already prepared for it for those who rejoiced in the author's "Among English Hedgerows."

"Historic Towns of the Southern States," *Lyman P. Powell* (Putnam). The third and the last in the series of "American Historic Towns." We are sorry Mr. Powell is through, for aside from the elegance of the volume, the charm of the illustrations, the historic value of the volumes is high. These

three books will make for good citizenship. They are wholesome reading for the boy and girl.

"LITERARY HEARTH STONES," *Marian Harland* (Putnam). This year it is John Knox and Hannah Moore. Again the publishers maintain the standard of the Knickerbocker Press. The two volumes in one box make a pretty present. The reading of the volumes will ameliorate the conceit of this present hour and put one in love with the old timers and arouse interest in the older time.

"THE RULERS OF THE SOUTH," two volumes, *F. Marion Crawford* (Macmillan). This "South" is the boot end of Italy and the farther on represented by Sicily, Calabria and Malta. Noble volumes these, with a hundred illustrations, largely architectural.

"IN AND AROUND GRAND CANYON," *J. Wharton James* (Little, Brown & Company). Our old friend, Wharton James, is well known in Chicago and elsewhere as a master of the lens and a skillful manipulator of the lantern. Add to this skill ten years' intimacy with the Grand Canon and a generous publisher, and we have as a result a handsome volume of nearly four hundred pages profusely illustrated with scenes reported through the camera. The book is dedicated to John W. Powell, of the United States Geological Survey, whose work and whose interest are gratefully acknowledged and everywhere apparent in the book.

"THE DOLLAR OR THE MAN," pictured by *Homer Davenport* (Small, Maynard & Company). The campaign is over. The political merits or demerits of these cartoons have already been estimated, but Davenport has an element of art in him, of poetry, of pathos, that deserves wider recognition than is possible in the heat of a campaign. These justify the publication of these cartoons in permanent form. When one contrasts the clearness of the message in the cartoon with the subtle elusiveness of the appreciative preface, one is persuaded that there is a place for the cartoon and that it may be an effective agent in the enlightenment of the people.

"THE HISTORY OF SIGNBOARDS" (Chatto & Windus, London). A book full of quaintness in illustration and text. It reached its eleventh edition last year. A good spicebox from which you may find that which will season conversation, meditation and sermon.

(To be continued in next issue.)

E. P: Powell's Book Table.

On the table are accumulating books of several classes, good, indifferent, and positively bad. Four thousand books a year are as likely to debauch literature as to enrich it. Such a tremendous annual output cannot come without a sacrifice of the spirit that was formerly supposed to characterize literature. In fact, we are likely to lose the inner meaning of the word, as well as the literary spirit. The people are reading more than they are criticising. One book is now written to every seven hundred adult readers. At the present ratio of increase we shall soon have one written to every one hundred readers. It is not merely the question whether these books will pay financially, but will they pay from the higher standpoint of instruction and culture? There is very much to lead us to believe that, while the cowboy literature which debauched the lower classes is decreasing, there is a debauchment going on in the tastes and sentiments of the better class of readers.

If we must still go on noting the production of novels, which come out now very much like pans of biscuit out of a baker's oven, we should select as one of the best "Alice of Old Vincennes," by *Maurice Thompson*. I have not had time to finish reading this book, but have laid it on that shelf nearest at hand, and it will be expected to feast a leisure hour. Opening at any page, it is clear that we have here an exceedingly brilliant piece of story-telling, and that it is a book that stimulates the better qualities of human nature. It is the work of both genius and talent. It is published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, who recently gave us that exquisite and powerful novel "The Redemption of David Corson."

From Charles Scribner's Sons we are in receipt of one of the very best monographs on history that we have seen for many a month. It is "The History of the American Slave Trade," by *John R. Spiers*. It is a most remarkable story, and most admirably told. I hope our boys and girls of the twentieth century will not get so absorbed in the newer political problems and social problems that will beset us that they will forget the magnificent battle fought by their fathers in the middle of the nineteenth century. It was a struggle that educated heroes as well as tyrants, and it saved the Republic. Nothing will save the Republic in the future but breeding heroes. Can it be done? It certainly cannot be done by fostering commercialism at the expense of justice and honor. Read this book, and place it in the hands of your children.

Another book from the Scribners is "Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries," by *W. A. Fraser*. I cannot say that I like the book; at least it grows tiresome to me as I move along with its allegories.

I am in receipt of two books, probably intended for review. A larger amount of chaos never was compounded than this stuff offered us by *Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D.*, as "Forward Movements of the Last Half Century." It is an effort to describe missionary work in the light of the dark ages. It is a travesty on the nineteenth century, on religion, and on common sense. Taken by church people it will serve as an emetic for all ethical purpose. It may stimulate the ridiculous effort to make everybody in the world believe as Dr. Pierson believes, and see everything from his angle. The other volume by *Rev. Dr. Bangs* will do where you can get nothing better. Some of the poetry is not prose; and some of the prose is as good as some of the poetry.

I want to call attention to the exceeding importance of contemporary history, and the value of having this in a condensed form, placed upon your table every week, as it is in *The Literary Digest*. If some millionaire who is anxious to advance the cause of education would place this remarkably useful journal on the table of every college boy in the United States, he would accomplish more than by endowing professorships. It is published by Funk & Wagnalls, 30 Lafayette Place, New York. In the issue of November 24, you will find that the thought of the whole world admirably digested. I cannot help feeling while reading this journal that it is more than a mere condensation of opinion; that it is edited with a purpose—and that purpose is to do good. It is quite possible to combine the two purposes of accurate reporting and making the world better. For the majority of readers it is far better to let their general newspaper reading be done by a judicious expert who shall give them a careful digest—and a much wider range of vision .

Mr. Chadwick's Reviews.

ELEANOR.*

Mrs. Ward has given us another powerful novel, one that will, if it does not eclipse all those which she has written heretofore, take an honorable place with these as one of the brightest of her shining choir. If the average touch is not even surer here than in "Helbeck

*Eleanor. A Novel. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

of Bannisdale," an equal height is steadily maintained. Here, as there, we have occasionally interjected a realistic passage that seems less a defect of conception than the intrusion of some unfortunate personal recollection or hearsay. For an example, take the manner of the death of Eleanor's husband and child. We would have had this decently veiled. Possibly, too, in the episode of Alice Manisty's insanity, we have a recurrence of that predilection for the pathological which was so strongly marked in "David Grieve." We have here the same remarkable gift for seeing and describing natural beauty as in Mrs. Ward's earlier novels, vitiated here a little, possibly, by the freshness and intensity of her delights in the beauties of Italian scenery. In her descriptions of these and of various Italian places and objects of interest there is a suggestion of Bædeker "touched with emotion," and here and there, too, evidently we have something of the writer's pleasure in her knowledge of Italian words, *spaccapietre* and *farmacia,* where the plain "stone-breaker" or "pharmacy" would be much better, especially where the Italian is thought to require translation. But these defects inhere in a piece of work which makes a total impression of great distinction of both style and manner, while the story told is one of imposing tragical significance.

It is a story in which two strands are intertwisted in an inextricable and effective manner. The slighter of the two is Manisty's unreal aesthetic engagement with the Roman Church and papacy. Manisty is an English gentleman who is suffering from a temporary revulsion from English politics. He has come to Italy and is writing a book which is a very flattering construction of the papacy and a very harsh one of the Italian monarchy. But his confidence in his book quickly goes to pieces at the touch of a critical friend, who brings certain cold facts to bear upon his fantastic theories. A more subtle influence operates in the same direction, the excommunication of a fine old priest, a much more winsome character than Manisty, who is excommunicated for writing a book which contains a few elementary concessions to the demands of scientific thought. Manisty simultaneously approves the book and the excommunication, the latter as a logical necessity of the papacy as a social organism. Finally a round of compulsory travel wakes up Manisty to conditions of Italian life to which he had been stupidly or wilfully blind, and goes far to convince him that the Pope, as the least patriotic of Italians, is the worst enemy of their political development and their social happiness. Here is a great double subject—the unreal aesthetic Romanism and the relations of papacy and monarchy in Italy—to which we would gladly have had Mrs. Ward attend with more elaboration. Manisty as an æsthetic Romanist is a typical character which has innumerable illustrations in our time. Mrs. Ward does not develop him so carefully as she does the Old English Catholic in "Helbeck of Bannisdale." She is more profoundly interested in Eleanor's passionate love for Manisty and his relations to her and Lucy Foster, an American girl who is depicted with an intelligence and sympathy that afford an agreeable contrast to the usual caricature of the American girl in English novels.

Eleanor Burgoyne has shared in Manisty's engrossment in his book, and she is so identified with it in his mind that, when his interest in that falls off, his interest in her suffers a similar collapse, which is made more complete by the appearance of Lucy Foster on the scene. Eleanor's life is shaken with a tremendous passion of love and jealousy. She is resolved that Manisty shall not have Lucy, and she drags her away into the seclusion of Orvieto as the summer heats are coming on. There her own life wastes away, and there Lucy Foster subdues Eleanor's selfishness with the sweetness of her own ineffable devotion and perfect loyalty. Other influences work to the same spiritual end, notably that of the excommunicated priest, a survival of whose clerical indirection comes to the aid of his essential humanity at a critical moment. The tragedy of the story is that of two noble women loving each other and a man not worthy of either. His attraction for them is demonic, and one cannot but share in Lucy Foster's wonder how long his sensuous and sentimental passion for her will outlast the dainties of the marriage feast. Perhaps her nobility will cleanse his nature of its deep-rooted selfishness, but we leave him as we find him, an egotist, as repellant to our sympathy as he was attractive to that of Eleanor and her altogether sweet and noble rival from Vermont.

William Shakespeare.*

There is another edition of Mr. Mabie's book which is bound in white vellum and can be had for $20, but it must be an extravagant taste that is not satisfied with the more purchasable edition. Its paper, its typography, its photogravures and other illustrations, its rich leather binding and other accessories are quite magnificent and all that one can reasonably desire. Indeed, we could wish that a much less sumptuous edition might be published at some time, for the book is one that makes its principal appeal to the intelligent majority, not to a narrow class. In the best sense of the word, Mr. Mabie has written a popular life of Shakspere. There was ample room for such a book, strange as it may appear, when the mountain of Shaksperean literature is so vast. Mr. Mabie has added nothing to the resources of the Shaksperean scholar. He has simply availed himself of these in their wide extent with sound discrimination and much self-restraint. The first of these traits is always and the second frequently apparent. Here and there the latter's exigencies have been too rigidly obeyed. For example, we have not a word about the interesting difference between the Hamlet quarto of 1603 (not 1602, as Mr. Mabie writes) and that of 1604. There was little chance for him to be original. At this late day there is hardly a point of Shaksperean defense. But everywhere his ground appears to be deliberately chosen. He is nowhere the mere echo of Lee or Dowden or any other critic, though in a general way his agreement with Dowden is conspicuous—a proper tribute to the sanity and permanence of Dowden's work. He is at home with all the major critics, but he does not load his pages with the lumber of their books. He never forgets that he is doing a piece of literary work and that he can take only so much as will fit into its fixed proportions, though many a stone that is fit for the wall he is obliged to leave in the way.

A chronological order of treatment would be unsatisfactory. It would not bring out what is most interesting and important. There must be grouping of the plays and the groups overlap each other at various angles. Mr. Mabie's arrangement of his book is excellent for his purpose. There are good chapters on the forerunners of Shakspere, his birth and breeding, the Stratford regime, his marriage and first London years, the London stage, the first fruits of his literary activity. He does not find in "Titus Andronicus" much sign of even Shakspere's 'prentice hand. The poems and the sonnets have two chapters. Mr. Mabie, while acknowledging the value of Mr. Lee's careful study of the sonnet rage from 1590 to 1595, is not disposed to go the length of Mr. Lee's persuasion that Shakspere's sequence is a series of impersonal experiments. He recognizes the "man right fair" and the "woman colour'd ill" as actual persons, but he makes no attempt to identify either of them, a prudence which is better than a more valorous course.

*William Shakespeare; Poet, Dramatist and Man. By Hamilton W. Mabie, author of "Under the Trees," etc. Illustrated. Cloth and leather. 8vo. $6.00.

The main body of Shakspere's work is exhibited in six chapters—"The Historical Plays," "The Comedies," "The Approach of Tragedy," "The Earlier Tragedies," "The Later Tragedies," "The Romances." There is also a special chapter on the ethical significance of the tragedies and one on the last years at Stratford. While in general the comment is admirable there are some respects in which it is not satisfactory. We can imagine Mr. Mabie's own consternation when he is reminded that he has not said a word of Lady Macbeth. (She is barely mentioned in a quotation from De Quincey.) We are told that Macbeth "fills the stage." Indeed he does not in those scenes in which his wife has part. And coming to "Othello," Mr. Mabie does not, I think, take issue with the Moor with any justifying cause. He speaks of "his quickly awakened distrust of Desdemona." But Othello begged to be spoken of "as one not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplexed in the extreme;" and this account of himself seems to me to be borne out by the play's general course. The final verdict upon Shakspere is that "he was great in heart and life, as well as in creative power," and Mr. Mabie's book makes quite unerringly for this persuasion. It is a good book and it will serve its end most perfectly in directing others to that unstinted fount from which Mr. Mabie has drawn his own happy inspiratio .

New Books from the Open Court Company.*

Certainly the most elaborate work yet issued by the Open Court Company is *The History of the Devil and the Idea of Evil,* by Dr. Paul Carus. Fine paper, beautiful printing, abundant illustration, striking binding form a combination calculated to attract attention. The name suggests the contents. Dr. Carus traces the worship of evil beings through old Egypt, Accad, Persia, Judea and India. Everywhere examples of deities are found, non-beneficent in nature, to whom prayers are made and sacrifices are offered. Fear, not love, is the motive to religious service. With Christianity a new era dawns, but in Christianity the old idea of evil persists. The author presents and discusses in detail early, mediæval and modern ideas regarding the Devil. Among the most interesting chapters in the book are those on witchcraft and the inquisition. Close to three hundred pictures illustrate the book. They form a remarkable collection, gathered from remote sources. Ancient cylinders, seals, coins and medals, mural carvings, inscriptions, statues, idols, black-letter books and old prints have been put under contribution. If we may be permitted one criticism, we should say that much is presented in the book which hardly relates to the history of the Devil and the idea of evil. For example, what relation is there between the Devil and Huitzilipochtli, the national guardian and war-god of the Aztecs? He was not worshiped because he was bad and feared; he was terrible only to the enemies of the Aztecs. Nor can Jehovah be justly considered either as the devil, the idea of evil, or a demon worshiped from fear. With this criticism we commend the book as containing much curious information with instructive illustrations. At the close of the work, Dr. Carus offers a discussion of *The Philosophical Problem of Good and Evil.*

*The History of the Devil and the Ideal of Evil. Paul Carus. 8 vo. pp. xvi. 496. $6.

Eros and Psyche: A Fairy Tale of Ancient Greece. Retold after Apuleius, by Paul Carus. 16 vo. pp. xv. 99. $1.50.

The Gospel According to Darwin. Woods Hutchinson. 8 vo. pp. xii. 241; paper. 50 cents.

Acvaghoxha's Discourse on the Awakening of Faith in the Mahayana. Translated from the Chinese by Taitaro Suzuki. 16 vo. pp. xiv. 160. $1.25.

Whence and Whither. Paul Carus. 16 vo. pp. viii. 188. 75 cents.

In *Eros and Psyche,* Dr. Carus prettily retells the old story of love. In so far as Eros and Psyche is truly a Greek "fairy tale" it is *not* philosophy, but a story for the sake of a story. To seek lofty philosophy and religious mystery in folktales is, or should be, a thing of the past. The folktale reveals the thought, the philosophy and the imagery of the common mind, nothing more; it is not a learned riddle for the instruction of the thoughtful. When it *ceases* to be a folktale, it may be used by a philosopher as a vehicle for his moral. Unquestionably the form of Eros and Psyche which Apuleius wrote, was a philosophical and religious dressing out of the older "fairy story," which would almost render it unrecognizable. Dr. Carus believes that *he* has carried the story back of Apuleius and "has remained faithful to the spirit of the ancient marchen and thereby succeeded in setting in relief the serious nature of the story and the religious comfort that underlies this most exquisite production of human fiction." With all respect to the author he has, of course, done nothing of the sort, but has made a philosophical and religiously instructive story very remote from what the real original marchen must have been. The book is abundantly illustrated and among the pictures are the beautiful series by Paul Thumann.

To say that *The Gospel according to Darwin* is a book of the same class as Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* will be, in the opinions of some, high praise, or in the opinions of others, severe condemnation. At all events it will be a fair characterization. The book is interesting and presents many thoughts which will bear development. The author presents a curious combination of personal traits and the book is an interesting study as a psychological product. Dr. Hutchinson's ideal is the bloody fang—he worships physical strength, war, the warrior. Yet he claims to find in the struggle for existence the kindliest, tenderest and most truly altruistic tendencies. He indulges in a fantastic outburst of admiration over the bravery of Christ in suffering without a murmur—but, just a little before, mocks at Christ's martyrs for doing the same thing, despising *their* action as cowardice. Our author constantly displays similar co-existing contradictory view points. Perhaps he and others will claim that they are not contradictory—merely relative, the two sides of a sheet of paper, etc. But a gospel ought not to be the presentation of periphery, except incidentally. The central thought in a gospel should be absolutely one and unchangeable and it, not the apparently contradictory phenomena, should be the chief discussion. While the book is clad in the dress of science many of its statements and illustration are painfully inexact. For instance what do these words, regarding the wasp's comb, actually *mean*—"every angle of which is calculated with mathematical accuracy." What does Dr. Hutchinson mean when he says, "Come back with me a few hundred years to the great tree-fern period." What does he mean by saying of a coral polyp—"dead, he is a rainbow-hued crystal of loveliest outline." Were there but one or two such expressions we should ignore them, but the book teems with them. It is a serious matter to fix such inexact and pseudo-scientific expressions on the public mind. The book would have lost nothing in interest and would have gained in value by a more accurate and truthful use of words.

Acvaghosha's Discourse on the Awakening Faith in the Mahayana has never before appeared in a European language. Yet it is possibly the most important of the canonical books of Northern Buddhism. While the canonical books of the Hinyana still exist in their original Pali, the Indian originals of the Mahayana writings are lost. Their translations into Tibetan, Mongolian and Chinese "are scattered promiscuously all over the fields and valleys of Asia." In the little book before us

we have a translation, from the Chinese, of one of these. In an introduction to the translation Dr. Carus tells us that Acvaghosha's philosophy is in some respects like modern scientific monism. Its views of suchness, of birth and death, of the universals, of particularity are among these points of similarity. Mr. Taitars Suzuki is a Japanese and seems to have done his work of translation most conscientiously. He presents preliminary discussions regarding the author, his date, his attitude, etc., and the necessary notes and glossary.

To those who know Dr. Carus' theory regarding *The Soul of Man* the aim and character of his new book *Whence and Whither* will be immediately evident. Two quotations will better represent the book than any discussion:

"Thus we have seen that every man starts in life as a reproduction of his ancestry. He acquires the quintessence of their souls through education and then starts in life to work out the ideals which he has made his own. We may freely grant that man, considered as a separate individual, is nothing of himself, that he has received even his ideals and the power to work them out to higher completion. He is nothing but the impulse of former aspirations carried on to new fields of work. Nevertheless, if he does not bury his talents the moment he puts them to usury and makes them bring returns, a new start is made which is rightly called his own and justly bears his name."

"Before the comprehension of the true nature of the soul, birth as an absolute beginning vanishes; and so does death as an absolute annihilation. We learn to recognize the intimate interconnection of ourselves with the life of the distant past as well as with the life of the ages to come. He who attains to this height lives on the summits of existence and breathes the air of immortality. His soul has risen into the domain of the superindividual life; death has no sting for him; he has conquered the ills that flesh is heir to; and he looks upon the world with the eye of divine enlightenment."

FREDERICK STARR.

A Great Friendship.

In an attractive little volume of 89 pages Miss Gould has made a permanent record of one of the greatest and purest affections in history. The most marked feature of Whitman's personality was friendliness. He had "the pass-key of hearts" and men and women alike yielded to the spell of his influence. The present record is only typical so far as Whitman is concerned—typical of a comradeship that was almost universal, yet he acknowledges that Anne Gilchrist was his "noblest woman-friend." When Mrs. Gilchrist at first read some selections from Whitman's poetry she was held "spellbound" and read "again and again with deepening delight and wonder." On acquainting herself with his complete works her first impression was but deepened. Later she came to know him personally and a most perfect confidence was established between them. Her testimony to his greatness is continued in several papers, the most penetrative of which, her "Confession of Faith," is reprinted in this volume. Whitman's tributes to this "perfect woman" are well known to the readers of his writings, the most important of which is in the poem "Going Somewhere," which is his report of a conversation between them. This volume belongs thus to the history of great friendships.

O. L. T.

Dr. Cone's Essays.*

Anything from the hand of Professor Pfleiderer is of peculiar value. Hence Dr. Cone has rendered the thinking world a distinct service by translating and collecting into a handsome volume these less technical products of this German theologian's activity. There are ten of these essays, the first of which, "Evolution and Theology," gives the book its title. All, however, are fitly gathered under this general phrase, since whether the subject be "Luther," "The Essence of Christianity," "National Traits of the Germans" or "Free From Rome," the treatment is determined by the evolutionary view-point and considered with reference to its theological implications.

Nowhere has the task of scientific theology been better stated than in the essay under that name on page 168. He says "The theology of the present * * * strives at the same time to bridge the fatal chasm between the conviction of the individuals who stand under the influence of the culture of the present time and the faith of the Church resting upon historical tradition."

To the accomplishment of this difficult task, important and urgent as it is, these essays are well calculated to contribute. At the same time in their range and variety they well illustrate how far-reaching is the readjustment, now going on, of old faith to new truth. The essays have thus a special suggestiveness in addition to the inherent value of each one. It is to be regretted that the editor should not have rounded out his service to the reader by providing a suitable index.

G. R. P.

*Evolution and Theology, and Other Essays. By Otto Pfleiderer, D. D., Professor of Theology at the University of Berlin. Edited by Orello Cone. Cloth. 8vo. Pp. 306. Price, $2.00. London: Adam and Charles Black. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1900.

On a Fly-Leaf of Omar.

Deem not this book a creed; 'tis but the cry
Of one who fears not death, but would not die,
Who at the table feigns with sorry jest
To love the wine the Master's hand has pres't—
The while he loves the absent Master best—
The bitter cry of Love for Love's reply.

—*Arthur Sherburne Hardy.*

In connection with the current revival of interest in this old Persian epicurean, Mr. Hardy's interpretation, published some time since in the Century, is worth repeating for its timely suggestiveness.—EDS.

Recent Calls for Books at a Western Library.

Account of Monte Cristo.
Acrost the Kontinent by Boles.
Bula.
Count of Corpus Cristy.
Dant's Infernal Comedy.
Darwin's Descent on man.
Feminine Cooper's works.
Infeleese.
Less Miserable.
Some of Macbeth's writings.
Something in the way of friction.
Squeal to a book.

—*From Counsel Upon the Reading of Books.*

Books Received.

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FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK.—Nature's Miracles. Familiar Talks on Science by Elisha Gray, Ph.D., LL. D. Vol. III. Electricity and Magnetism. 60 cents.

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SUN. Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

MON. Learn to wait Hope's slow fruition,
Faint not, though the way seem long.

TUES. Life is struggle, combat, victory—
There is joy in each condition.
Hearts, through suffering, may grow strong.

WED. Glad in peace, and calm in strife,
Quietly thyself preparing
To perform thy part in life.

THURS. Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor
You will find it anywhere.

FRI. Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good.

SAT. Around me flows thy quickening life,
Thy presence fills my solitude.

—*Several Authors.*

The Joy of Coming Home.

There's joy in sailing outward,
Though we leave upon the pier,
With faces grieved and wistful,
Our very dearest dear;
And the sea shall roll between us
For perhaps a whole round year.

There's joy in climbing mountains,
In fording rushing brooks,
In poking into places
We've read about in books,
In meeting stranger people
With unfamiliar looks.

But the joy of joy is ours
Untouched by any pain,
When we take the home-bound steamer
And catch the home-bound train;
There's nothing half so pleasant
As coming home again.

—*Christian Herald.*

Margery's Cushion.

"I'm like a pin-cushion," said Margery the other day. "Indeed, I think you are like some kind of cushion," laughed mother, looking at the rolypoly little figure.

"Oh, I don't mean that!" said Margery. "But when I showed grandmother the new cushion I made for father I asked her for pins to put in it—bright, straight, good pins that he could use, I told her. She said she hoped I'd be as careful of my life as I was of my cushion, and put good, useful things into it, and nothing spoiled or crooked."—*Christian Herald.*

A True Picture.

There was a good woman whose husband was in the habit of drinking very heavily. One night he came home, as he too often did, helplessly drunk, and reeled into a chair and fell asleep. As his wife looked at him, and saw how miserable he appeared, she thought if he could only see himself in that state he would never touch drink again. She had a friend, a photographer. If she could get him to come and photograph her husband, just as he lay there, it might have a good effect. She slipped out of the house, and soon returned with her friend, who brought his camera with him, and in a short time the inebriated husband was photographed. A few days afterward the carte came home. The woman first looked at it, and then handed it to her husband. "Is that any one I know?" he inquired. "Yes, that is you," the woman quietly replied. He took a long look, and then exclaimed as he turned away to hide his emotion, "By the help of God, I will never touch strong drink again!"

Christian Budget.

The Bear's Ruse.

HOW BRUIN GOT THE BETTER OF THE WISE OLD WOODCHUCK.

Our folks once had a stumpy lot with woods on three sides of it. The field had been seeded to clover, and fifteen or twenty woodchucks dug holes in the ground and lived high and in peace till a bear got into the habit along in July of stealing out of the woods just before sunset every day, crouching in the tall clover and pouncing on a woodchuck while it was at supper.

Father wouldn't shoot the bear because its fur was good for nothing then, and he wanted it to thin out the woodchucks.

When the bear had killed a number of the woodchucks and carried them into the woods, a wise old woodchuck in the upper end of the field began to smell a rat, and whenever the bear stole out of the timber the old woodchuck would sit by its hole and whistle to warn the other woodchucks of the bear's presence. Then he and all the woodchucks in the lot would run into their holes.

When the old woodchuck had played this trick a few times, the bear apparently set to thinking, for at noon one hot day we saw him shamble out of the woods and climb a tree just above the old woodchuck's burrow. Not a woodchuck was in sight, and that made us wonder what the bear was up to. He stayed in the tree all the afternoon, and just before sundown we saw the old woodchuck crawl out of its hole and take a survey of the field. He didn't see the bear, so pretty soon he scampered off some distance from his hole and began to nibble clover. Then the bear let himself drop from the limb. He landed near the hole, got on his feet in a second and lay flat in the clover. The woodchuck heard the thud and scampered for his hole, and the bear nabbed him and squeezed him to death in a hurry.

With the wise woodchuck out of the way the bear had smooth sledding and before the end of August had killed every woodchuck in the lot.—*New York Tribune.*

Those Pickles of Marms.

It doesn't need eyesight to tell that it's fall,
Up here in Maine.
Though the glamor of yellow is over it all,
And the cold, swishing rain
Comes peltering down and goes stripping the leaves,
And smokes in cold spray from the edge of the eaves.
Ah, it's wild out of doors, but come in here with me
Where mother's as busy as busy can be.
And you need not your eyes, sir, to know it is fall
In this stifle and stirring and steam like a pall;
For there's savor of spices and odorous charms
When your nose gets a sniff of these pickles of marm's.

You know it is fall without using your eyes,
Up here in Maine.
There is fragrance that floats as the flower-pot dies
In the tears of the rain.
And the hand of the frost strips the sheltering leaves
From the pumpkins, those bombs of the sentinel sheaves
That stiffly and starkly keep guard in the field,
A desolate rank without weapon or shield.
And the fragrance of death like a delicate musk
Floats up from the field through the crispness of dusk;
Yet out from the kitchen, more savory far,
Drifts the fragrance of pickles compounded by ma.

The autumn sweeps past like a dame to a ball,
Up here in Maine.
Her perfumes would stagger shy Springtime; but Fall,
Like a matron of Spain,
Puts musk in her bosom and scent in her hair,
And prinks her robe with elaborate care.
Yet the fragrance she sheds has the savor of death.
The brain is turned giddy beneath the fierce breath,
Till over it all floats the vigorous scent
Of spices and hot things and good things, all blent;
It's wonderful, friend, how it tickles and calms—
That whiff from those simmering pickles of marm's.

—*From "Up in Maine," by Holman F. Day.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Theodore Parker.

After reading his life by John White Chadwick.

What though the years like silent specters pass,
While little seems to live from out the old?
Yet when the story is with beauty told,
We see the flowers blossom in the grass;
And brave historian takes a magic glass—
To show the features of the prophet bold,
Whose word would fain mankind in love enfold,
And round their lives the good of heaven amass.
He shows thy nature noble to the core,
Heroic in its mighty mould and make,
A shelter for the poor and all oppressed;
We know from him what cross thy spirit bore,
Yet at thy voice how freedom did awake
And reach thro' agony of war its rest!

We follow all the course thy years did run,
With happy consciousness that thou art here,
And dost before our eyes as true appear,
A light of hope and cheer like summer sun:
What victories of worth by thee were won;
Thy struggles make thee thousand times more dear,
As when the skies from storm and cloud-rack clear,
And bright the blue steals out behind the dun!
God yet is active in increasing race,
Still sending prophets meeting urgent need;
They preach to us and live the better way;
And so we see in thee high valiant grace,
Convictions deep, backed up with daring deed,
The seal and sign of some diviner day!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Foreign Notes.

THE CHRONICLER OF LOURDES.—Among the men who passed away almost unnoticed this past summer was one who in his own life illustrated the rapture of unwavering faith and devotion that may yet be found in the Roman Catholic church and equally the unchanging narrowness and intolerance of that church's discipline. Henri Laserre was born in Carlux (Dordogne) in 1828. He was educated in Paris and admitted to the bar in 1851. Full of youthful enthusiasm and of an ardent, poetic temperament, his activity was not confined to his profession. He turned to politics and employed his pen for such journals as the *Reveil* and the *Pays*, finally assuming the direction of the *Contemporain*. As the names of these journals would indicate, his views were those of a monarchist and a Catholic, though characterized by a certain independence and individuality and strong loyalty to conviction. In the full tide of a promising career the young publicist suddenly received a crushing blow in the total loss of sight. All the resources of medical science were taxed in vain to restore his vision. At last in despair he resolved to go to Lourdes, acting, it is said, on the suggestion of a Protestant friend, M. de Freycinet.

However it may be explained, whether as a miracle or as the result of natural causes, the fact remains that at Lourdes Henri Laserre received his sight. His gratitude and enthusiasm at this merciful restoration knew no bounds. Henceforward his heart, his pen, his life were at the service of "Our Lady of Lourdes." In a work bearing that title, he told the story of the apparition of the Virgin, of little Bernadette Sinbirous, of all the mercies vouchsafed, all the misery relieved in this little hitherto obscure corner of the Pyrennees. In graceful, poetic language, pure as the water of the Gave, he described the Pyrennees, their forests, their streams, their silence, and built his monument to Lourdes. To it he was ever adding some new detail, some fresh expression of gratitude and love, and this work, not of the intellect, but of the heart, has traveled around the world, being translated into many tongues. Truly the good fathers at Lourdes might well burn candles to his memory, for it is he who has filled their treasury, founded and popularized their church, and brought to Lourdes those throngs of pilgrims, some of whom find there only disappointment, tears and even death, but a few a healing more or less complete; and with this shrine his memory is associated forevermore.

But this faithful servant of Mary was less happy in the further efforts of his heart and brain. Fifteen years of loving, conscientious labor were given to a translation of the Gospels. But Mother Church did not smile on this pious labor of her devout and gifted son. The popularizing and study of the Gospel met no encouragement from her. Every effort was made to dissuade him from his presumptuous undertaking, but he had begun his study of the Gospels and their charm was greater than the authority of pope and college. He persevered. M. Edouard Drumont in his *Testament d'un Antisemite*, has told the pathetic story of Henri Laserre's journey to Rome and the treatment he received there in connection with this work of his. It is not an edifying story so far as the Roman church and its ecclesiastics are concerned. It recalls too many other pictures of the venality and corruption to be found at Rome, but it is touching in its portraiture of the steadfast loyalty to conviction, the gentleness, faith and courage of Henri Laserre. His translation was published. The charm of its style, the piety and the mysticism of a poetic soul that breathed through it, won for it cordial appreciation from independent judges, but the church regarded it otherwise. The work was put in the Index, and its author summoned to retract his errors and submit to authority.

The retraction was waited for in vain. Like his famous contemporary in England, St. George Mivart, Henri Laserre died outside the pale of the church he had served so well. Loving, steadfast and true, he had learned that there are other roads to God than that of Rome, and this humble, grateful child of Mary found the ban of the church lie lightly upon him. It could not disturb his peace.

For the facts here condensed we are indebted to two articles in the *Chretien francais*. M. E. H.

HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS.—*The Ariel* is the name of the little parish paper that is the successor of *The Unity* published by George E. Littlefield in the parish which he has recently left in order to take up the work at this place. The issue for November 24 contains an appreciative notice of Thomas Paine, which ventures to call him "the first Unitarian" because in his *Age of Reason* he said: "I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy."

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. Our good friend and UNITY helper, Rev. Fred V. Hawley, recently of Jackson, Mich., is fairly domiciled in Louisville, Ky., his home address being No. 1724 Brook street. His work with the Unitarian Church of that city is opening most auspiciously. The temper of his work and the attitude of his spirit can find no better interpretation than in the fact that at the public reception given him, Bishop Dudley, of the Episcopal Church, Dr. Hogue, of the Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Powell, of the First Christian Church, were present to bid him welcome. At the recent meeting of the Southern Unitarian Conference held at Atlanta, Ga., Mr. Hawley preached the installation sermon of Rev. C. G. Langston, the young minister who takes up the work at that point. This conference at Atlanta is pronounced as representing the high water mark in the history of these gatherings in the South. Delegates were present from Louisville, Cincinnati, Chattanooga, Charleston and Mobile with reports from other centers. UNITY sends greeting to Mr. Hawley in his new work.

The Lincoln Park Statue.

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

From out the roar of Fleet street and the Strand,
From narrow Cheapside's thickly flowing stream,
And city smoke and stage's tragic theme,
He went at last to Stratford's quiet land,
The land of sunny fields, where cattle stand
Knee-deep in winding Avon's rippling gleam,
And elm-tops whisper of a joy supreme
To all the birds that sing at love's command.
And here, beyond the wide tumultuous roar
Of Traffic's maddening whirl, beneath a sky
That bends in blessing and beside a shore
Still murmurous of the songs that never die,
He sits at peace—enriched with life's deep lore,
And knowing all the world's sad human cry.

—*Horace Spencer Fiske.*

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contains the second of a series of articles by the editor on *Famous Bachelors*, of which the subject is *Frances Willard.*

Mrs. Van Vechten continues the delightful work of fitting up *The Bachelor Girl's Den*, taking up the decoration of windows.

Miss Sampson gives the latest developments in correct dress and genral *Fashion Gossip.*

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